

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 16

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JANUARY 18, 1920

Flo and Mary Find a Baby.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

IT was Saturday afternoon. Down the walk flew Mary and Flo, just home from an errand at Grandma Spicer's, and bubbling over as usual with things to tell.

"O Mother!" they called, skipping up the steps. "O Mother!" And then again, in a delighted little shriek together, "O Mother!"

For there on their steps was a baby-carriage, and in it a dear little blue-eyed baby in a funny little lace cap.

"Oh, oh!" cried Mary, who always took things as she found them. "What a darling!" And over she ran to play with the baby.

"Oh, I wonder whose she is!" cried Flo, who always wanted to know about things first. And off she ran into the house to find mother and ask. But upstairs, downstairs, and in the lady's chamber no mother was to be found. And old Aunt Mandy, out in the kitchen, didn't know a thing about the baby.

"Mebbe somebody's jes done lef' her," she suggested. "I lived in a famly once whar a baby was lef' on the do'stone one winter night. In a clothes-basket dat chile was. Dey called her Polly Stone and fotech her up."

All excitement over this fascinating possibility, Flo hurried back to Mary, on the side porch.

"O Mary!" she cried, "Aunt Mandy says that maybe somebody's just left it. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Oh, do you suppose Father will let us keep it?"

"You know he and Mother said we couldn't afford another baby."

"I know—but wouldn't you think that one that was left like this—with no home and *such* a darling"—Both little girls stuck their heads under the hood of the baby carriage to survey their placid little guest with renewed admiration. As she stood up again, Mary's eye was caught by the big capital letter on the carriage-robe.

"Flo!" she cried. "Flo, look! It says 'B.' 'B' stands for Belgian! She's a Belgian baby, that's what she is!"

"That must be why she wears such a funny cap!" gasped Flo. "O Mary—just think of our having a Belgian baby for our own! O Mary, Father *must* let us keep this! He *couldn't* be so cruel as not to!"

"Only, if he can't afford it," hesitated Mary. "He might want to, but if he didn't have the money—"

"I tell you what we'll do!" cried Flo. "We'll raise the money, and then he'll have to. I heard Mother reading it out of a paper, and she said how surprising it was that it took so little!"

"Yes," agreed Mary, "but how shall we do it?"

Just at that minute fortunately their brother George came running around the

corner—alone, for once. George usually had a train of small boys at his heels; and George and his "gang" were famous for making money.

Flo hailed him with glee, and promptly poured out her tale, laying particular stress on the capital B. George, she was sure, would be interested in Belgians even if he wasn't in babies.

"And now," she ended, "how are we going to raise enough money to keep it? We couldn't turn away a poor little Belgian baby, of course. But what can we do?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," said George, loftily. "You want to have a show. I'll get the gang together while you print some posters. Do you s'pose you could teach it some tricks by to-morrow? Because if you could, then we could have two shows. One to-day, kind of an advance one, you know, and then the real thing to-morrow."

Flo and Mary glanced at their charge, who was now waving two tiny fists in the air, as if anxious to begin. "Yes, indeed," they promised happily, "we can teach her a lot. And now, George, what shall we print on the posters?"

"Just write her up same as you would a—a—elephant," ordered George, grandly. "And say that for five cents you can see her now, and for ten cents you can to-morrow and see her tricks. Fix one for the baby-carriage and one for a banner. Now I'll go for the fellows. We'll be ready in ten minutes."

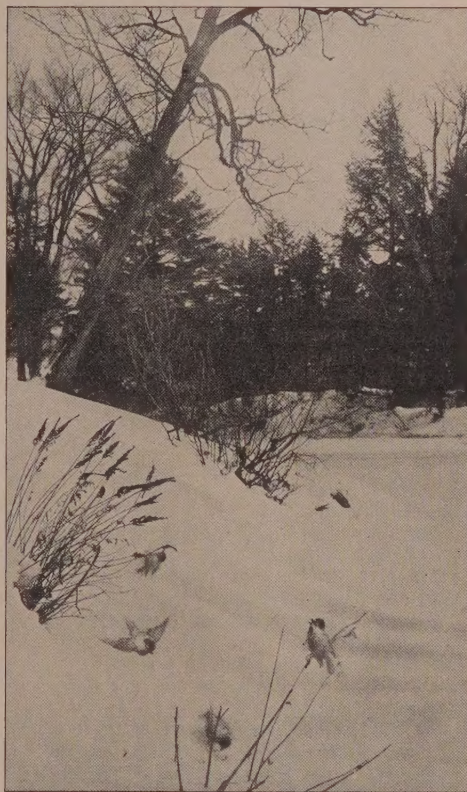
But it always takes a little longer to get ready than people expect. It was more nearly an hour before the Belgian Baby Parade finally started down the street. First George himself in a wonderful drum-major's hat made out of Mother's old muff. Then a "band" in cocked hats, playing—three drums and two trumpets and an odd tin-pan or two. Then the baby-carriage proudly pushed by Flo and Mary. The baby herself was completely hidden by a sign which said:

BEST AND BIGGEST
BELGIAN BABY
IN CAPTIVIATY
5 CENTS A PEAK

The members of the gang who weren't in the band brought up the rear, imitating "Calathumpians" to the best of their ability.

In front of each house on the block they stopped and offered the pleasure of a "peak" to the persons sitting on the veranda. Usually everybody laughed at them, and one person at least came down and paid five cents. It was great.

"To-morrow," George would explain then, "we're going to show her off at



Getting Their Supper.

BY EDNA A. COLLAMORE.

BIRDS have so many clever ways

Of getting things to eat.
The swallow darts, mouth open wide,
And lets his supper fly inside,—
A very skillful feat.

The humming-bird selects a flower,
Then curling up each claw,
He whirs his wings to hold him still,
And sucks up honey through his bill,
Like soda through a straw.

The catbird finds the cherry tree
A most delightful spot,
And yet he flies from cherry trees
To pounce on big, fat, bumblebees,
Which must be very hot.

But chickadees in winter-time
Have just the best of fun;
They turn their downy downsides up,
And stand upon their heads to sup,—
A thing that's seldom done.

our house with tricks. That will be ten cents."

By the time they reached the end of the block they had thirty-five cents, and Flo and Mary had come to the con-

clusion that a Belgian baby at least could support itself. Why, a Belgian baby was no expense at all! You could make money with them. Maybe Father would let them have two. Gaily they turned the corner into the next street. Twenty-five cents more. That made sixty!

Now down Spruce Street. Still more money!

Everybody was getting very much excited by now. George had decided to be a "barker" as well as a drum-major and was trying to yell loud enough to be heard over the noise of the band. Flo and Mary were shrieking to each other across the baby-carriage; and all the children in the neighborhood had joined the procession. Suddenly the baby which had been wonderful up to that time began to cry.

It was, as Mother would say, a "perfect pandemonium." When they finally turned another corner, they found themselves headed straight toward home and only a block away. "Listen to the cry of Belgium!" screamed George, making all the other children laugh. "Listen to the cry of Belgium!"

Then all of a sudden he stopped short where he stood, and everybody else, of course, followed suit—with the baby-carriage well mixed up with the band.

"Look!" cried George, excitedly. "See the mob in our yard. I'll bet they think the show is to-day! See, there's even a policeman! Come on, now, let's parade up in style—clear up to the bandstand! Hip, hip, hoorah for the Belgian Baby!"

But alas for the style of George's procession. Before he had even turned his procession down the walk, an excited lady rushed down off the steps and out into the middle of the street.

"My baby!" she cried, running to the carriage and tearing away the poster which concealed the screaming "Belgian Baby." "Muvver's darling lamb!" She snatched him out of the carriage and cuddled him in her arms. "What a bad, bad ole chillens doin' to Muvver's baby lamb? There, there, there! Bad ole chillens!"

Then, just as suddenly, she put the baby back in the carriage, and, pushing Flo and Mary angrily aside, she seized the handle and marched away down the street.

By this time Mother and the policeman, Aunt Mandy, and a neighbor or two had all come down to the sidewalk.

"Why, children!" said Mother. "Why, children! Whatever were you doing to Mrs. Ames's baby? We thought he was kidnapped."

Shamefacedly Flo and Mary explained. "You thought he was a Belgian?" asked Mother, trying not to smile. "Why—how could you?"

Someway the big "B" and the queer bonnet did not seem such good proofs as they had. The children hesitated. Grown-ups were so likely to laugh.

"Well, anyway," said Flo, "we thought he was a Belgian—honestly we did. And we raised money enough to adopt him. And Mother, Flo and I really need a baby to take care of. We do it so well."

Then Mother and Aunt Mandy and the policeman and everybody did laugh for sure.

"What you really need," said Mother,

"is to learn how to take care of a baby, it seems to me. But if you can all raise as much money as that in so short a time, we shall have to plan a little entertainment and get enough to send across the seas to a real Belgian baby. We'll begin taking care of babies at long distance. It will be safer for them, poor dears."

The Haughty Suit and the Humble Coat.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

"IT'S just a bit dark in this lonely old closet,"

Remarked a gray coat to a tailor-made suit.

"I used to be worn quite a bit in the winter,

But now I'm too old, and I'm ragged to boot."

She paused for a moment and looked with dejection

At seams that were shiny, at cuffs that were bare;

But the tailor-made suit, on its bright nickel hanger,

Said never a word in reply to her there.

"It must be delightful," she added politely,

"To stroll through the streets on a gay afternoon,

Adorning our mistress so bright and so charming.

I hope she'll be taking me out pretty soon."

The tailor-made suit gave a shrug of derision.

"Imagine that frump being out on the street!

She'd better be thinking of rag-bags and patches

Than sighing for things she's not suited to meet."

But soon with a quick little turn of the handle,

The door of the closet was flung open wide;

The tailor-made suit waited proudly expectant,

The shabby old coat merely shivered and sighed.

"Where are you, old darling?" a pretty voice questioned.

"I want you this minute! Come out in the light!"

And somebody's hand groped around in the closet,

Because it was dark as the middle of night.

The shabby old coat felt a tug at her collar,

The shabby old coat felt a hand on her sleeve;

And then, at a touch that was gentle and loving,

She found with surprise she was going to leave.

"I hate to be sending you off, poor old dearie,"

The pretty voice said, "but you're such an old brick,

I'm sure you will be just a treasure to some one,

Because you are woolly and heavy and thick."

So the shabby old coat was sent off on a journey,—

She traveled by land and she traveled by sea.

At last she arrived in a queer little cottage

Where children were laughing and shouting with glee.

"Oh, oh," they exulted, "how lovely for mother,—

A warm, heavy coat!" And away they would dance.

('Twas lucky the coat understood foreign chatter,

For, bless you, she now was residing in France.)

And the tailor-made suit, on its bright nickel hanger,

Stayed safe and secure in a closet, I'm told;

But the shabby old coat kept a brave little mother

All cozy and warm through the winter's bleak cold.

Old Janesy Brought Them Home.

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

TWO city-bred children, just recovered from typhoid fever, were lost on the coyote-infested hills above a great Western cattle-ranch.

"If I thought the roses would bloom in those pale cheeks, I'd take them up to the A-Cross," big Uncle Arlie had said at parting with his sister and the nephew and niece, Arlie and Lily Penrose, who clung to him, one day last spring.

"They're hardly strong enough to travel yet," explained the anxious mother of the two young fever-patients.

"Ship them out to me when they are, and if they can't stand our rough ways up there I'll send them back none the worse for wear, I hope."

After long awaiting the fulfillment of their uncle's promise the children found themselves completely wonder-struck one autumn morning as they left the train that had brought them out of the heart of a busy city to a lonely little station thousands of miles away. Sitting on the high seat beside Mexico Joe, the driver of the rolling old four-horse stage that would take them up to the A-Cross Ranch they learned that their uncle's place was fifteen miles from his nearest neighbor's; that this chaparral-covered desert stretched with awful sameness for great distances on all sides; that though it was "plenty hot" just now, Mexico Joe had worn heavy boots and a lambs-wool-lined jacket to keep from freezing to death on the down trip.

They came suddenly upon the A-Cross buildings tucked into a hollow on the south side of a mountain, half-way up.

"But where are all your cows?" Lily asked when Uncle Arlie had taken them into and out of all the barns, stables, and corrals, and made them acquainted with everything in the immediate neighborhood.

"You'll see cattle enough before long," laughed their uncle. And the very next day they saw great droves coming down from the higher places.

"Have you ever ridden a horse?" It was one of the first questions Uncle Arlie had asked them.

"Well"—they began, and then broke off to giggle at the memory of "Red Bridget," an ancient friend on a farm near their city home. Not very exciting had been their jaunts on her broad back. "We know how to get on and off!" Arlie explained after telling his uncle what had made them laugh.

"Then Lily won't object to riding my good girl, Old Janesy! She's house-broke, follows me around like a dog, and she's the only one I can spare just now, anyway. And Arlie, I'll let you try Fireheels. He's frisky, but not mean, and if you treat him right, he'll obey."

So, that next morning, mounted on Fireheels and Old Janesy, the children excitedly joined the procession of men and dogs along the mountain trail. The air was so keen that they were glad of their new heavy gloves and scarfs.

"You're catching on!" Uncle Arlie had told his nephew when the boy began to get used to the friskiness of Fireheels. "Let him know you're master, but don't strike! Gentle and firm is the word for him!" cautioned the man.

"And Lily—what do you think of my old girl?" he asked.

"I never rode so fast in my life!" answered Lily, with eyes that spoke of happy excitement.

"Yes, she's got go in her yet! Well, stick close to my heels or follow one of the others. Getting lost in this chaparral is pretty easy business!" Uncle Arlie dashed away, and they found it difficult sticking to any one's heels where all seemed to be getting into different places at the same time. The cattle raised such dust-clouds that the children could scarcely see where they were. Then suddenly Lily knew she was alone. On all sides lay the desert, dotted irregularly with sage and other low bushes, all looking so alike that she kept thinking of a vast strip of printed calico. She rode forward, trying to find footprints and discovered after a while that she was following Old Janesy's around and around.

When the sun told her that the day was ending she was still as far from knowing which direction would lead to the A-Cross as when first she tried to return. She was calling, "Arlie, Arlie!" but only silence answered. Because she was very tired of riding she dismounted and walked beside Old Janesy, repeating her weary call at short intervals. It grew cold and she drew on the gloves and scarf she had laid off during the hot part of the day. The thought of spending the night out in the biting mountain air made her put all the strength she had into her next shout—"Arlie, Arlie!"

"Hal-loo-loo-loo-loo, Lily!" She heard Arlie's voice—their old private signal!

"Hal-loo-loo-loo-loo, Arlie!" She held her breath after replying, that she might make sure where her brother's response should come from.

Nearer they came, meeting at last, both on foot, leading tired ponies.

"Are you lost, too?" Arlie asked.

"Yes, are you?" His sister spoke in a disappointed tone, for she had thought that Arlie had come to find her, to show the way back to their uncle's. "What happened?" she asked.

"Fireheels wanted a romp, I guess. He started dancing up and down, and it was all I could do to hold on. Then he had



Relics of the Cliff-Dwellers.

BY ESTHER ELLIS REEKS.

IN the Colorado State Museum at Denver is to be found one of the most complete collections of relics of the cliff-dwellers in existence. The articles which it contains were all taken from ruins in the southwest corner of the State, the discovery of which was first made in 1818, and which proved to be of such interest that in 1906 the region was set apart by the Government through an act creating of it the Mesa Verde National Park.

The collection in the Denver museum occupies two rooms and overflows into the corridor. It contains many skeletons and mummified bodies, some of which are wrapped in tanned skins, or in nicely woven cotton cloth and a peculiar fabric

made of down and yucca fiber. Here, too, are bows and arrows, stone axes and hammers, bone knives, necklaces of shells, sandals made of yucca, baskets and decorated pottery, pumpkin and squash seeds and shells, beans and ears of corn, turkey feet and feathers, a skin pouch filled with salt, and tree-trunks with steps cut in them for ladders; besides numerous other articles, the use of many of which is unknown.

A visit to these rooms is the next best thing to a visit to the ruins themselves, and here one may get something of an idea of how the people of this vanished race lived and labored in a time of which history tells us nothing.

to run a race with himself. He's quiet now, though—and I never fell off once!" Lily knew that had been a wonderful performance for Arlie, but her chief thought just then was their danger.

"How are we going to get back?" she asked.

"That's what I'd like to know," responded her brother.

"What's that?" The girl was trembling at a weird barking noise.

"It must be coyotes!" whispered Arlie.

"What'll we do now? Oh, I know! Didn't Uncle Arlie give you some matches for your candle last night?"

"Yes, and I've got them in my pocket. Here!"

They tied their ponies to bushes and gathered dry sticks into a heap. Soon they had a good bonfire blazing. As they sat resting from their exertions they heard the coyotes, slinking desert cowards, howling—near at first and then further and further off.

"I wonder how far we are from the A-Cross," Arlie remarked when all was once more silent around them.

"Oh, how stupid we are! Don't you remember what Uncle Arlie said about Old Janesy?" Lily had risen and was going toward her pony.

"No—what? What's that got to do with getting home again?" asked Arlie.

"He said she followed him around like a dog—that she is house-broke, he called it. Don't you believe she knows where we are and could find her way if we let her?"

"We can try," agreed Arlie, glad to do something. "We'll fasten the ponies' bridles together and walk wherever she leads us. When we're warm enough we can just sit in the saddles and not try to guide either of the ponies."

"But suppose Fireheels wants to run away again?" asked Lily, suspicious of the now very meek-looking young animal.

"He'll want to rest up a bit before he starts off the way he did to-day—yesterday I mean—it's the next morning now! My, isn't it cold!"

So, with Lily at Old Janesy's bit and Arlie at Fireheels', Uncle Arlie's "good old girl" led the way by strange short-cuts down to the corral gate at the A-Cross, not so very far off, after all. There the proprietor and all his men and dogs were gathered, ready to start to find the lost children.

"Well, you're beginning all right!" shouted their uncle as he caught sight of them.

"Yes, and we lighted a fire to keep off the coyotes!" boasted Lily.

"And Fireheels ran away with me and I kept my seat while he bucked!" bragged Arlie.

"And you had the sense to let Old Janesy show you the way home!" Uncle Arlie commended them, proudly. "Now, after breakfast, if you can keep your eyes open, you'd better write to your mother that the roses have begun to bloom and you're going to stay a while. Mexico Joe will be passing down at nine and can take the letter."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

153 HENDERSON AVENUE,
STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—My name is Mary Jane. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am seven years of age. I have been going to Sunday school for five years.

I have a brother who is nine, and we love Sunday school. May I join the Beacon Club? I like the poems best in our paper, *The Beacon*, and cut them out and save them.

Very sincerely,
MARY JANE SHOFFSTALL.

522 EAST 78TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the pin.

I go to the Unitarian church on 20th Street, New York City. Our minister's name is Mr. Sullivan and my teacher's name is Mrs. Fraser. Our Church of All Souls was one of the first Unitarian churches to be started, and we celebrated our centennial service this month.

I am sending an enigma along with this letter, which I hope will be good enough to be published. If so, I will send some more.

Yours truly,
EDITH LAWRENCE.

P.S. I am ten years old and I have two younger sisters.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER SUNDAY SCHOOL,
NEW BRIGHTON, S.I.

Dear Miss Buck,—As we are too young to write letters, we have asked our Sunday-school teacher to write for us, as we wish to join the Beacon Club and wear the Club pin. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday. Some of us like the poems, and others the stories.

We are studying the "Living Together" book this year and enjoy the stories and the color work. We get a red star for each Sunday we are present and a silver one if we have not been absent for a month. Helen Sweet is the only one in our class who has two silver stars.

Our Sunday school is planning to have a Christmas play and party during Christmas week.

As Mary Jane Shoffstall has written a separate letter she will not have to sign this.

Very truly yours,
OSCAR DOERFLINGER.
CAROL WEMPLE.
HELEN RUTH SWEET.
MARGARET AMES.
Mrs. P. E. JAMESON, Teacher.

32 LYNDE STREET,
SALEM, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I saw in *The Beacon* one Sunday about the Beacon Club. I write because I want to join it. I go to the First Unitarian Church of Salem, which is on the spot where the Puritans built their first church.

I am eight years old.

FRANCIS DONALDSON.

In an Armenian Orphanage.

BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

[The second story about Armenian children.]

I WONDERED how our guide could find his way through the narrow, crooked streets of Aleppo, and once he did make a wrong turn. But the door was reached at last and we went in and up. Stone floors and stairways and blank white walls were everywhere. At the top of the stairs we came into a very large room with a smooth stone floor, and a high ceiling with great arches. On the right was a series of rooms, doubtless sleeping and living rooms in the long-ago time when the building was a khan, or Syrian inn. A few children were moving about quietly, while in the side rooms classes were in session, the teachers standing, and the pupils sitting on the floor. To the left was a large enclosed area with a railed veranda around the interior garden, and rooms next the outer wall. In these rooms again were classes of Armenian children, one being engaged in drill in singing. The Armenians are vigorous and enthusiastic singers; that is all that has kept them alive, Pastor Shirigian assured us.

The school-like atmosphere which at first pervaded the place quite suddenly changed. Boys of all ages from ten to twenty began pouring in to the great central room. The appearance of a camera seemed to unlock unseen doors as if by touching a hidden spring, and boys poured in from everywhere and nowhere. Before the camera could be focussed a surging throng filled the place, a struggling mass with upturned faces, hundreds of boys eager to be in the picture and each determined to be in the very center of it. A hasty snapshot and the putting away

of the camera brought all to normal conditions again, and the boys played as boys do the world over, these no less merrily than others, despite the fact that every boy has a tragic history and not one has a home.

The teaching in this orphanage seems to be in excellent hands. Without even the commonest furnishings in the rooms, earnest-looking men and women teach the boys to read and write their own language, while, in addition to the elementary branches, French, English and Turkish are taught. In and through all, the one thing emphasized seems to be Armenianism. They are training these children to know and be proud of their race and history, to prepare themselves to assume the tremendous task of re-establishing their shattered people, gathering them again from their wide deportations to rebuild their cities and villages and to reorganize their churches, schools, business and social institutions. For to create the new Armenia is the stupendous task that confronts the playing—yet serious—Armenian children of to-day.

For Ruby Singh, Khasi Hills, India.

| | |
|--|---------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$2.50 |
| Brookline, Mass., Second Church School | 2.00 |
| Philadelphia, Pa., First Church School | 5.00 |
| Pepperell, Mass., A Class of Girls.. | 1.00 |
| Northfield, Mass., Y. P. R. U..... | 2.00 |
| Winchester, Mass., A Class of Seven Girls, Eighth Grade..... | 2.50 |
| Petersham, Mass., Nichewaug Camp Fire Girls | 2.00 |
| Petersham, Mass., Unitarian Sunday School | 3.00 |
| Total | \$20.00 |

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 2, 18, 11, 10, to make well.
My 9, 10, 16, 13, 4, 7, 14, 19, is joy.
My 8, 3, 6, 15, is a small reptile.
My 1, 5, 12, 17, is what soldiers use.
My whole is part of the United States.

HELEN KNEED.

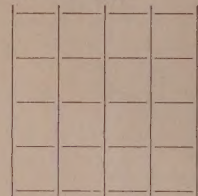
ENIGMA XXXII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 8, 9, is something for roofing houses.
My 13, 2, 12, 7, is not far.
My 5, 4, 10, is a metal.
My 5, 6, 16, 1, is a combination of horse and wagon.
My 14, 4, 5, is the opposite of stand.
My 3, 11, 15, 8, is an animal.
My whole is a large body of water.

EVELYN M. HANSON.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Arrange the first 16 figures in the squares so as to count 34 every way.



E. S. C.

ROMAN NUMERALS.

Three Roman numerals mean I surpass.
Three others cook does when her dough's still a mass.
When we're sick we call two; when to Europe we go
We cross over one as all children must know.
I have one on my house: my papa he is two.
Now what is the answer? I leave it to you!

M. L. S.
P. R. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXVII.—Blessed are the merciful.
ENIGMA XXVIII.—North Dakota.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—B a I L
O h I O
S n o w
T a l e
O v a l
N a i l

TWISTED ISLANDS.—1. Nantucket. 2. Japan. 3. Mount Desert. 4. Prince Edward. 5. Iceland. 6. Sicily. 7. Ceylon. 8. Korea. 9. Madagascar. 10. Borneo.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—(This puzzle was improperly stated. There should have been sixteen squares. See above.)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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